



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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NO. 3.

### SELECT TALES.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

#### Sensibility.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOSING AND WINNING.'

'STILL in tears!' said Margarette Claremont, as she entered the parlor after a walk.—'Which is it now, my dear Alice, Werter, or Madam de Stael's Corinna?'

'Neither,' answered Alice. Margarette looked over her shoulder, and saw that the book her cousin held, was a volume of Kotzebue's plays, and that 'Self-Immolation' was the one that engrossed her attention.

'How prodigal you are of your tears, dear cousin!' said Margarette, 'and how you waste your sensibilities on these high wrought, ultra-sentimental fictions! Will not your health be impaired, and your mind enervated by such excess of indulgence?'

'I fear no such results,' said Alice, 'and should blush at the obduracy of my heart, should it fail of being moved in reading works in which such deep feeling is portrayed.'

'Weep as much for legitimate sorrow as you will, Alice—even when portrayed in fictitious narrative; but do not expend your sympathies on scenes such as never did, nor ever will occur in the world.' Alice made no reply, as Margarette turned and ran up stairs, but the thought of her heart was—'I am thankful I am not a stoic! thankful that my feelings are not congealed.'

Alice Lansdale and Margarette Claremont, were both orphan nieces of the wealthy bachelor, Mr. Claremont, with whom they resided. The former was the daughter of his only sister. Her parents died when she was quite young, and consigned her, destitute of property to the care of her uncle, with whom she had now resided several years. Margarette was the daughter of his only brother.—She had been an orphan but a few months, during which period she had been domesticated in the family of Mr. Claremont, to whom had been committed the guardianship of herself and ample fortune.

'Have you nearly got through with your play, Alice?' said Margarette, as she re-en-

tered the parlor. Alice made no answer, as she sat with her head leaning on one hand, her book spread on the table before her—while the other hand held a handkerchief that was ever and anon applied to her eyes.—Margarette advanced and leaned on the back of her chair.

'How much longer are you going to read, Alice?' asked Margarette.

'Why can't you be quiet, and leave me undisturbed?' said Alice.

'Because I have something to tell you,' answered Margarette.

'About Goody Mason's lame finger, I suppose,' said Alice.

'No—about two elegant looking young men I saw in the street an hour since,' said Margarette.

'Who were they?' inquired Alice, without raising her eyes from her book.

'I do not know—but from your description, I conjectured them to be your cousin Hubert, and Black Prince as you call him.'

'Why did you not tell me this before?' said Alice springing on her feet. 'They will be here immediately; cousin Hubert at least, and here I am looking like a fright, with eyes as red as a toper's! Why could you not have told me when you first came in?'

'I had been talking with Susan Hall, and forgot it,' said Margarette, 'And after all, perhaps it is not them.'

'Oh, I know it is!—they were expected very soon. But tell me how the one you took to be the Black Prince looked, and I shall know at once, if it was him.'

'Tall, yet hardly as tall as his companion—with black hair, black eyes; and an acre of black whiskers; and, pardon me a dash of impudence, in his expression—at least I thought so, as I passed them.'

'Oh, it must be him,' said Alice, 'though if it be, the latter part of your description is only your own imagination. But why do I linger here, when I must try to make myself look decent to see them? for cousin Hubert, at least, will come'—and she left the room with a sigh.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed ere

Alice was summoned, according to her expectations, to meet her cousin, and Mr. Gordon, the Black Prince.

The young men made a long call—for Alice had much to ask of what they had seen and learned during their absence; and they had much that was interesting to communicate.

They had scarcely closed the door behind them after taking leave, ere Alice exclaimed,

'Is he not a divine creature, cousin Margarette?'

'Which of them,' asked Margarette.

'Which! you stupid creature!—as if you knew not what I meant! But which do you like best?'

'I was most pleased with your cousin's conversation,' Margarette replied.

'Why?' asked Alice, 'I am sure that Gordon converses elegantly.'

'He has words enough at command,' said Margarette, 'but a scarcity of ideas; and those he has are not weighty. While listening to him I could not help thinking it was like dressing a little four-penny doll in a large robe of silver tissue. Mr. Montague's conversation was really entertaining and instructive.'

'I expected you to be severe, of course,' said Alice, 'yet I think you can find no fault with his manners.'

'He is quite at his ease, and appears a gentleman certainly,' said Margarette, 'yet his manners did not please me. There was too much show—he was too easy—has too much manner; and, if I may judge from one interview, he is not at all wanting in self-complacency.'

'Cousin Hubert's quiet way suited your singular taste, I dare say,' said Alice.

'It certainly did—for he did not appear to be thinking of himself. His manners to-day were truly polished and refined; and if they arise from his heart, as I hope they did, I should judge very favorably of the man.'

'I suppose you think him best looking, too,' said Alice—'best dressed and all?'

'In person, they are both elegant young

nren' said Margarette, 'but Mr. Montague's dress certainly suited me best—as I doubt whether to be comfortable is not his first object in the choice of his apparel. As for Mr. Gordon, he must make dress a study. You see, Alice, as I had nothing to do but to look and listen, I could learn a good deal of them in the hour and a half that they were here.'

'Well, as you studied them, do let me know what you think of their faces.'

'I have told you enough for once,' said Margarette, 'wait for the remainder till I see them again—perhaps I may change my opinion.'

'No, no,' said Alice—'let me have it now, when you change your opinion you can let me know. What of their faces?'

'Mr. Gordon, then,' said Margarette, 'knows that he is handsome—and he has studied the exterior of his head so much, that I should fear he has somewhat neglected the interior.'

'And what of cousin Hubert's?'

'I think his head very fine—very classical. His face is decidedly intellectual—his eyes uncommonly good.'

'And what of his mouth and teeth?' said Alice.

'Peculiarly handsome,' said Margarette.

'And now, as you can possibly have no more questions to ask, pray let me know your opinion.'

'You must have known that a long time. Cousin Hubert is—I can't say what he is—but just what I approve; and as for Gordon, he is the divinest creature alive!'

While this conversation was going on in Mr. Claremont's parlor, one not dissimilar was carried on in the street betwixt the gentlemen, Montague and Gordon.

'Who is this new cousin of yours, Montague?' asked Gordon.

'I cannot claim her as a relation,' said Montague. 'She is cousin to my cousin only, and a perfect stranger to me.'

'N'importe,' said Gordon. 'But what do you think of her?'

'I have not had time to form an opinion,' said Montague.

'You received some kind of impression, necessarily,' said Gordon. 'No one can be almost alone with a stranger for an hour or more, and not form some idea of what the character may be.'

'She is certainly very silent and reserved,' said Montague. 'Her countenance denotes intellect; but she appears cold, and has a loftiness that is repelling. I fear that she may prove wanting in that sensibility, of which cousin Alice has so abundant a share.'

'Oh, she is a block of Marble—a bank of snow—a statue of ice,' said Gordon. 'There would be infinite amusement in trying whether the marble would yield! the snow melt!

the ice thaw! She is a new variety of the species. I have seen nothing like her.'

'You admire her,' said Montague. 'I do, exceedingly,' said Gordon.

'Your taste has much changed,' observed Montague. 'It is but a short time since you were in raptures about my cousin, and they appear exceedingly unlike.'

'True, and Miss Claremont therefore excites the deeper interest. She will require some labor, some ingenuity to make her dissolve. Alice, pardon me, is always melted.'

'Alice has strong sensibilities,' said Montague, 'and is as unsophisticated as a child. She hides none of her feelings.'

'Did you notice Miss Claremont's smile?' asked Gordon.

'I did, and confess it was very beautiful. Her whole face smiled, and seemed to beam with delight. But it was so evanescent. I scarcely caught it ere it was gone.'

'A slight shade of sadness was the prevailing cast of her countenance,' said Gordon.

'The source of the smile might be the head—not the heart,' answered Montague.

'I will never believe it—at least till I try whether she has a heart or not,' said Gordon.

'Very well,' said Montague, 'I told you in the beginning, that I had not time to form an opinion.'

Between the two young men who held this conversation, there was as strong a contrast as could be between a noble-minded, well educated, well principled young man, and an exquisite of the first water. Gordon was quite free from all gross irregularities, but he had no principle of action; no motive beyond present gratification. The Bible was Montague's counsellor and guide; and he was endeavoring so to live on earth, as to live forever in Heaven. The young men had been much together in boyhood, and afterwards at the university; and though the difference in their character grew broader and more strongly marked every day, yet their intimacy in some degree continued.—Montague was interested in the welfare of his early associate; and Gordon, though often angry at the warning, exhortations and reproofs of his friend, could not endure the idea of relinquishing his friendship. He really had a kind of affection for Montague; and he felt that it gave him additional consequence to be permitted to call such a man a friend. Some months previous to the period now spoken of, Montague had been called on business to a distant part of the country; and Gordon, having nothing to do, offered to accompany him, and they had now just returned, after an absence of half a year.—Montague had his fortune to make; Gordon inherited one from his father.

One morning about a week after his return Montague called at Mr. Claremont's where he was a frequent visitor. He was not quite as cheerful and conversable as usual, and after trying a long time to draw him out, Alice said—

'You are depressed this morning, Hubert, what is the matter?'

'I have just witnessed a scene of distress that I cannot get out of my mind,' said Montague.

'What was that?' asked Alice.

'It was an Irish family that occupy a hovel about half a mile from hence. The family consists of the father, Patrick Delany, his wife, and six children, the eldest a daughter not more than thirteen years of age. They have been but a few weeks in town, and are wretchedly poor. The wife is ill of a raging fever, and the two youngest children of measles, from which the others have but just recovered. Delany is obliged to be out at day labor, to keep his family from starvation: so that all the care and labor of nursing the sick and looking after the other children devolve on the eldest daughter, and a boy two or three years younger. Such poverty, such squalid and complicated misery, I have never before witnessed.'

'Poor creatures!' said Alice. 'But why will they leave their native land and come here among strangers, where no one cares for them, to endure such misery?'

'To get rid of greater distress at home, cousin Alice;' said Montague.

'Oh, they are much to be pitied, poor creatures!' said Alice, 'but there are such hordes of them, that it is impossible to afford them effectual relief.'

Montague said no more, as he found that the sympathetic chord in his cousin's heart was not touched. He just cast his eyes on Margarette, who was sitting busily at her work, in a recess at the opposite end of the room, to see if her compassion was awakened; but she was diligently plying her needle, and but for the motion of her hand, he thought she looked exceedingly as if she were made of stone! 'Heartless! unfeeling!' he thought and almost murmured as he rose and precipitately took leave.

The next day but one, Montague was again at Mr. Claremont's. Neither of the young ladies mentioned the Delany's; for Alice was wholly engrossed in a new novel—Montague concluded that Margarette had not heard that there was any such people. But his own heart was too full of them not to speak of their situation.

'Cousin Alice,' said he, 'you are so compassionate that I wonder you do not ask the welfare of the Irish family.'

'Oh, poor creatures! how are they? I have thought of them several times since you



were here, and wished they had stayed in their own country, among their own friends, that they might be properly looked after.—Have you seen them since you were here last cousin Hubert?

'Yes—yesterday, and again this morning.'

'And how are they?'

'The children are somewhat better, but the mother is still very ill. The family, however, are more comfortable than when I first saw them. Some young lady has kindly visited them, and not only in some measure relieved their pressing necessities, but given judicious and salutary advice to the daughter about the management of their affairs.—When they described her to me, I felt hope that it was you, cousin Alice.'

'Oh, no, Hubert, I could not go—such a scene of suffering would have shaken me all to pieces. Really I do not think I could bear it! But how did they describe the young lady?'

'As neither tall nor short, with a beautiful face, and a 'raal Irish heart'—kind as an angel,' said Hubert—and he glanced his eyes towards Margarette, to ascertain if there were any look of consciousness in the expression of her face; but she was looking over the morning paper, and at that moment exclaimed—

'Dunlap and Miss Reed are married, Alice.'

'How could I, even for a moment, suspect it might be her?' thought Montague. 'She cares no more for them than if they were reptiles!'

'Who could it be, cousin Hubert?' asked Alice. 'Did you not ask them if they knew her name?'

'I did—but they knew nothing of her but her kindness, of which they could not say enough. She even made the bed, with her own hands, and put fresh linen upon it, which she brought with her for the purpose, for the sick mother, who told me it with tears of gratitude in her eyes.'

'Well, indeed she might?' cried Alice.—'Think of what an office for a young lady! such a combination of disease and filthiness! If I hear of any young lady in town sick of a fever, I shall at once know who was Mrs. Delany's nurse.'

'May Heaven preserve her health,' said Montague with fervor. 'Persons of less active kindness could much better be spared; and the community would suffer little loss, were they laid on a bed of sickness.'

'Very true,' said Alice. 'Yet there are very few who can with propriety be called young ladies, who are capable of rendering such services. One might be ready to relieve suffering if it existed under less disgusting circumstances; but for a delicate female

to encounter such dirt, and disease, and poverty, at once, is too much.'

'Firm principle, a truly feeling heart, and a self-denying spirit could alone enable a delicate woman to do it,' said Montague. 'And these could!' He looked around to ascertain whether Margarette had really left the room and then added—'And pardon me, my dearest cousin, if I suggest to you, that if you would strive to conquer that extreme sensibility which makes you shrink from scenes of suffering, and constrain yourself to witness and relieve distress, in your own person, you would render yourself at once far more happy and useful, if not interesting.—Active benevolence is one great secret of happiness.' At this moment Mr. Claremont entered the room; the conversation turned to other subjects, and Montague soon took leave.

Mr. Gordon had not kept himself aloof from Mr. Claremont's during this period; on the contrary, he had called frequently—as frequently as he dared, and reconnoitred to the best of his ability to ascertain the vulnerable part of Margarette's character, while he had brought all his small arms into successive requisition. His first and most natural effort was by flattery, by which it is said all women may be subdued; and perhaps they may, and all men too, provided it be of the right kind and administered in the right manner. But here Mr. Gordon completely failed.—He was too gross; his colors were too glaring; no soft shading away—nothing to touch the heart through the medium of refined taste; and Gordon found, though he knew not why, that he excited disgust instead of pleasure. He wondered that what he had ever found so efficacious with other young ladies—what would have caused the cheek of Alice to glow, and her eye to sparkle, was so powerless here. 'I said she was a new variety of the species,' thought he, 'and I must try it again.' And he did try it again—first by doing her silent homage; breathing near her ear the deep drawn sigh, and casting upon her the look of warm approbation and deep interest. But he soon closed his pantomime, as Margarette heeded not, even if she heard his sighs; and his impassioned glances were completely thrown away as they rarely met her eye—and when they did seemed not to be understood. The next attempt was to aid in gratifying her in her favorite recreations, and in the indulgence of her taste. 'Was Miss Claremont fond of prints?' 'Particularly so.' 'He was very happy! He had a choice collection and would fetch over his port folio for her examination.' 'Was there any book in his library that Miss Claremont would like to read? He had the most approved editions of all modern authors, and it would afford him great pleasure if

Miss Claremont would make a selection from among them, of any thing new to her.'

'He was very obliging, but her uncle's library was large, and well selected, affording sufficient intellectual nourishment for years—besides that, he purchased every new work of merit.' Miss Claremont was an equestrian. He had a palfrey that would rival Margarette of Cranstoun's, which was entirely at her service.' 'He was exceedingly kind—but Mr. Claremont had one that was at once so spirited and gentle, that on his back she felt entirely at ease.' Poor Gordon knew not what next to do. He had racked his invention to make himself agreeable and necessary—not only in the ways above enumerated—but by being always observing, and ready to perform any little personal service that might be requisite, such as handing a glass of lemonade, fetching a fan, picking up a stray glove, or placing a chair to a more desirable situation. He had actually labored hard and had not advanced one step, and the only gratification that attended his exertions, was the uneasiness of Alice, who pined under the loss of his attentions. A half suppressed sigh often broke upon his ear; as a tear as he thought filled her eye, as she witnessed his devotion to Margarette. But for this sweet incense to his vanity, and his own boasting to Montague, that he was resolved not to be defeated, he would have relinquished so hopeless a pursuit.—But pride and vanity impelled him onward; and although he could devise no new mode of attack, he determined to watch opportunities, and avail himself of any circumstance that might occur in favor of his design. As the heart of Mr. Gordon was a thing entirely out of the question, except that it occasionally fluttered with gratified vanity, or was momentarily pressed with mortification at want of success, his head was entirely free to devise plans in the best manner his abilities would allow, and watch opportunity with the most perfect coolness.

Mr. Montague had by degrees become interested in watching the result of Gordon's various modes of attack; and notwithstanding he had been rather displeased with the apparent coolness of Margarette's character, he felt a little satisfied that she did not yield to the arts of Gordon. Not that he was in the least jealous of his friend's general success with women; nor that he had any personal wishes relative to Margarette; but he did wish to see one woman who was not to be won by mere external graces and accomplishment, and the little arts and blandishments that are usually so successful. His interest in Gordon's progress led him to notice Margarette more particularly than he would, perhaps, otherwise have done. Gradually, and unconsciously, he was taking her up

as a study; and the more he observed her, the more interesting the study became. 'She is a perfect enigma!' thought he, 'I can never decide whether the variations in her countenance have their origin in the head or heart. Her smile is the brightest—the most joyous—the most beautiful I ever beheld! and yet there is something in it that leads me to fear that it is like the brilliancy of a diamond—cold, while it dazzles! She seems not easily moved; and yet while silently engaged in her work, I have seen her color fluctuate, while others have been discussing an interesting subject. She knows at least how to appreciate true greatness, for I have seen her eyes speak volumes when a magnanimous action has been mentioned before her. And at any rate, I admire the firmness with which she repels that small artillery that is generally so successful, when aimed at her sex!

One evening quite a circle of friends collected at Mr. Claremont's among whom were both Montague and Gordon. Gordon secured a seat between Alice and Margarette, while Montague stood apart from them listening to the general conversation, but now and then casting a glance at the trio, in which he took much interest. The conversation at length fell on reading. Some expressed a preference for one class of reading, some for another: but a large majority of the company decided that biography was the most instructing, interesting and entertaining. This resulted in a discussion of whose biography was the most valuable, when a gentleman remarked, 'that the life of Lord Nelson was the most interesting work he had ever read.'

'Is it the book or the man you so much admire?' asked one of the company.

'O, both, the man particularly. His heroism charmed me.'

'O do not name him,' said Mr. Claremont. 'I sicken with disgust when I read the fulsome panegyrics bestowed upon him, and the numberless monuments raised to his memory in Great Britain.'

'He was a most noble creature,' said Gordon in a rather low tone, to Margarette. She cast on him a look of the most withering coldness, not unmingled with contempt, but made no reply, as she listened to learn what further her uncle would say.

'No wonder they are proud of him and raise monuments to his memory,' said the gentleman who had first spoken of Lord Nelson. 'He secured more honor to the British Navy than any hero from the reign of Elizabeth to the present time.'

'Talk not of his heroism, or the glory he acquired for Britain,' said Mr. Claremont. 'Devoted by ambition, did he fight for the good of his country, or to obtain an individual honor? Was he not continually whi-

ning and complaining that his services were not sufficiently requited? And in his character as a hero, lies all the honor he can claim. As a private man despicable. Though he could conquer the enemies of the country he resigned himself without resistance to the dominion of the basest passions, and was guilty of that which in unrefined New England would have caused him to be hooted from society.—Perfidious! hypocritical! base! his character was stained with vices of the deepest dye, and my astonishment can only be exceeded by my indignation when in English publications I see him spoken of, and that by pious persons—Madam More for one—as the 'immortal Nelson!' a being 'to be looked up to with admiration!'

'You are warm, Mr. Claremont,' observed one of his friends.

'Perhaps I am sir; and on this subject I wish others were as warm as myself. To eulogize such men as Lord Nelson, and hold them up to youth as fit objects for admiration and imitation, is laying the axe at the root of all morality. It is not, indeed going softly to work, like Rousseau or Voltaire, to undermine the foundation of their virtue, but demolishes the whole fabric at once, by telling them that if capable of performing a few brilliant actions, such a halo will shine around them, as will entirely conceal from the eyes of every beholder their want of sincerity, truth, fidelity, and moral honor. Wo to my country when the public sentiment shall be so far corrupted, as to think that heroism, and what is known by the name of glory, can compensate for the want of true, consistent, undying virtue!'

Montague chanced to be looking at Margarette, when Mr. Claremont began to speak and the look she gave Mr. Gordon fixed his attention upon her, though he heard not the remark that called it forth. He watched her countenance with deep interest, as it gradually lighted up to a glow of admiration, strangely intermingled with a shade of sadness. 'I will have her opinion on this subject from her own lips,' and placing himself near her, he said—

'What is your opinion of Lord Nelson, Miss Claremont?'

'O, exactly the same as my uncle's,' said Margarette. 'And how could it be otherwise? when I have so often heard my dear father express sentiments exactly similar.—He very carefully taught me, never to let an external glory, or any meretricious glare, blind me to real defects, or to the want of intrinsic and solid excellence. Her eye, as she finished speaking, sparkled through a tear, which was not unobserved by either Montague or Gordon.

'There is, then, a fountain of feeling within thought Montague,' as he still looked at

her—'a fountain of deep, pure noble feeling.'

'By Jupiter, there is a tear!' thought Gordon, and Montague has had the good fortune to call it forth. Who would have thought that to talk about Lord Nelson, was the way to touch her heart? I would have given a thousand dollars rather than that he should have had this triumph!

One morning Montague called at Mr. Claremont's, but found that both the young ladies were out. Mr. Claremont, however, was in the parlor, and he and Montague had passed a very pleasant half hour, ere Alice and Margarette came in. Margarette bade Montague good morning—but Alice just nodded at him, and hastened to her uncle, and seating herself on his knee exclaimed—

'Dear uncle, I am so glad you are in! I want to ask a great favor of you.'

'What is that, my dear?' said Mr. Claremont.

'I am half afraid to tell,' said Alice, 'you will think me so extravagant. But, dear uncle, Margarette and I have seen the two most beautiful pearl necklaces at Wendell's you ever beheld!'

'And you want them?'

'O, I do most sadly,' said Alice.

'And do you, Margarette?'

'I think not, sir,' said Margarette—while Alice at the same moment cried—

'O, Margarette can have whatever she wants, she is so rich! not a poor beggar like your own Alice, dependant on the bounty of another for every thing—and bursting into tears she hid her face in her uncle's shoulder.

'Sweet sensibility, O, la!  
I heard a little lamb cry bah!'

said Mr. Claremont. 'Come, Alice, don't cry about it, but tell me the price of the necklaces.'

'How can I,' said the sobbing Alice, 'when you make such cruel sport of my feelings? Indeed, uncle, it is cruel!'

'I never make sport of your feelings, my dear, when there is any thing to awaken them,' said Mr. Claremont. 'But come, tell me the price of the pearl necklaces.'

'They are fifty dollars apiece.'

'Whew!' said Mr. Claremont, 'and so I must spend a hundred dollars to adorn the necks of my nieces?'

'O, Margarette can buy her own, you know, uncle, and so you will have to give away but fifty.'

'I hold Miss Claremont's purse strings, you know,' said Mr. Claremont, 'and I shall serve you both alike. Margarette's, as well as yours must be the gift of her uncle.'

'I do not wish for one, my dear sir,' said Margarette; but Mr. Claremont heeded her not, and opening his pocket book gave them fifty dollars each.—Alice loaded him with kisses and thanks, while it was with evident



reluctance that Margarette took hers in her hand. But as some ladies at that instant entered the room, without saying more, she put it in her purse. As soon as the visitors had withdrawn, Alice went to her chamber, and Margarette seized the opportunity of being alone with Mr. Claremont to restore to him the fifty dollars.

'My dear sir,' said she, 'I cannot accept this money, and should have declined it at the moment, only I could not explain before strangers. You will relieve me greatly by taking it again.'

'By no means, my dear,—I should be much pleased that you and Alice should have necklaces alike.'

'But I do not want a necklace, sir, and should feel very badly to spend fifty dollars for a useless ornament.'

'Then purchase something else with it Margarette.'

'I am in want of nothing sir, and had much rather restore it to you.'

'Can you find no use for it, my dear?' asked Mr. Claremont.

'Oh yes, sir,—I could find enough to do with this and ten times more. But perhaps you would think it injudiciously expended.'

'What would you do with it Margarette?' asked Mr. Claremont.

'Give every cent of it away, sir,' Margarette replied.

'Very well, my dear,' said Mr. Claremont, 'it is yours to throw at the birds, if you please. I can depend on your judgment and principles that it will not go to indulge idleness and vice.'

'O, I thank you most sincerely, my uncle,' said Margarette, with warmth, in behalf of those who are suffering for want. It will give me great delight to become your almoner.'

[Concluded in our next.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

From the Syracuse Whig.

### Hon. James Geddes.

DIED at his residence in the town of Camillus, in this county, on Sabbath evening, 19th ult. the Hon. JAMES GEDDES, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

As a considerable portion of Judge Geddes' active and useful life has been spent in the service of the public, it is believed that a succinct biographical sketch of some of his prominent acts will not be unacceptable to his friends.

Judge Geddes was born near Carlisle in the State of Pennsylvania, on the 22d day of July 1763. Possessing a vigorous mind and an enterprising spirit, he visited Western New-York in 1793 in search of a place for settlement, and in the following year he re-

moved to this county and established himself on the borders of the Onondaga Lake, at the place now known as the village of Geddes.

In the fall of 1797, he removed to the place where he resided at the time of his death.

In 1804, he was elected a member of the Legislature of this State for this county.

In 1808 the Legislature of this State adopted a resolution proposed by Mr. Joshua Forman, member from this county, 'directing the Surveyor General to cause accurate survey to be made of the rivers, streams and waters (not already accurately surveyed) in the usual route of communication between the Hudson river and Lake Erie, and such other contemplated route as he may deem proper,' &c.

This important trust was committed by the Surveyor-General wholly to Judge Geddes, and the result showed that it could not have been committed to abler hands.

Judge G. entered with enthusiasm upon the task assigned to him by the Surveyor General. After spending the summer of that year in examinations between Lakes Erie and Ontario, Mud Creek and Sodus Bay, Oneida Lake and Lake Ontario, &c. the region of great difficulty and uncertainty, respecting an *inland route* remained unexamined, to wit: the trace between Genesee river and Palmyra, or head waters of Mud creek, and the hopes, from the view of maps, discouraging indeed. All knowledge of an *interior route* was incomplete while this section of country remained unknown. Where was the water to be obtained for locking over the high land that was supposed to rise between Genesee river and Mud creek?

'In December of that year (says Judge Geddes, in a letter to William Darby, Esq. under date of 22d Feb. 1822,) I again left home for the above object, and after discovering at the west end of Palmyra that singular brook which divides, running part to Oswego and a part to the Irondequoit bay, I leveled from this spot to the Genesee river, and to my great joy and surprise found the level of the river far elevated above the spot where the brooks parted, and no high land between. But to make the Genesee river run down Mud creek it must be got over the Irondequoit valley. After leveling from my first line one mile and a half up the valley, I found the place where the canal is making across that stream at Mann's Mills. \* \* \*

'While traversing these snowy hills in December 1808, I little thought of ever seeing the Genesee waters crossing this valley on the embankment now constructing over it. I had to be sure lively presentiments that time would bring about all I was planning; that boats would one day pass along on the tops of these fantastic ridges. That posterity would see and enjoy the sublime

spectacle but that for myself, I had been born many, many years too soon. There are those who can realize my feelings on such an occasion and can forgive, if I felt disposed to exclaim *Eureka* on making this discovery.'

'Mr. Geddes' says Mr. Calden in his memoir, 'conceived the possibility of running the canal on the tops of the ridges which occupy the Irondequoit valley; a project which would not have occurred to any but an inquirer of great boldness and comprehension.'

On the 20th of January 1809, Judge Geddes made his report, accompanied with maps which will be found in the first volume of the official history of the New-York Canals, published by the direction of the Legislatures in 1825, and comprises 25 pages of that work.

The favorable light in which this report presented the projected enterprise, (says the Surveyor General) induced the legislature in 1810 to organize a board of Commissioners with powers and means to prosecute the business. The Commissioners were Gouverneur Morris, Stephen Van Rensselaer, De Witt Clinton, Simeon De Witt, William North, Thomas Eddy and Peter B. Porter, to whom were afterwards added Robert R. Livingston and Robert Fulton. Under this commission the exploring surveys commenced in 1808, were continued under the direction of the Surveyor General, and preparatory measures concerted for ulterior effective operations.

Judge Geddes was continued the Engineer to prosecute the examination of the country, with the view of permanently locating the canal.

In this year he ascertained the place where the important passage might be made from the Tonawante creek, through the ridge which bounds it on the north, whence the country is on a continued descent to the Genesee river. By this means was avoided the very considerable additional length of canal, which would otherwise have been necessarily caused by a circuitous route along the Niagara Valley, to the neighborhood of Lewiston, before it could take its eastern direction along the northern declivity of the ridge.

The Commissioners were prevented from effectual execution of their plans by the occurrence of the late war.

In 1809 Judge Geddes was appointed a Judge of this county.

In 1813 he was elected a member of the 13th Congress. After the close of the war, the canal project was resumed, and in 1816 the commissioners appointed five Engineers. Judge Geddes was placed at the head of this list, and as such he was actively engaged until the year 1821, when he was again elected a member of the Legislature.

In 1827 Judge Geddes was appointed by the State of Ohio (upon the recommendation of Gov. Clinton) the Engineer to locate the Ohio canal. This difficult service he performed to the great satisfaction of the people of that State, and entire success of the enterprise.

In 1827 Judge Geddes was employed by the general Government, associated with Judge Roberts, to locate and estimate the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

In 1823 he was employed by his native State (Pennsylvania) to aid in exploring and locating her canals; and in that year he was offered the appointment by the General Government, as Engineer to examine the country with reference to the connection of the waters of the Tennessee and Alatomaha rivers, in the States of Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia. He declined this appointment on account of the distance and his advanced age.

Since that time he has been frequently called into the province of Canada and other places as consulting Engineer and at all times his opinions have been highly valued and almost invariably followed.

For the last few years he has been in retirement upon his farm. The infirmities of age have crept upon him apace for the last year. Aware that 'his sands had well nigh run,' he has been led often to contemplate the end which has now terminated his earthly career. He did so with composure and with christian resignation.

With his efforts is identified much that relates to the successful prosecution and completion of our grand canals, now the glory of the state and an honor to the nation.

Judge G. was entirely a self taught man. In him we have an instance of what may be accomplished by unwearied industry and patient study. His integrity was never questioned; there was not a blemish in his character. His memory will long be cherished by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

### MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

#### Emulation.

MAN is naturally prone to indolence and inaction. This must be strikingly apparent to even the most superficial observer. We find this truth confirmed by a contemplation of man in whatsoever situation or condition of life fortune may have placed him—whether basking in the enervating sunshine of wealth, luxury, and inglorious ease, or pining in the soul-sinking embrace of cold and cheerless poverty—whether possessing the advantages of cultivated and refined life, or suffering the degradations of the uncivilized and barbarous state.

Something then to excite—something to

arouse his naturally apathetic spirit, is necessary to spur him on to action.

Such provision, Providence has wisely supplied, by implanting in the human bosom, a desire for fame and distinction. Were it not for this universal principle, pervading every breast, and inciting man to emulation, what a tame, hum-drum world we should have. But for this, how few would we find willing to assume the cares and responsibilities requisite to the common good, or even possessing sufficient energy of character to raise themselves above the ignoble level of ignorance and vulgarity.

A disposition to excel, therefore, if innocently directed, and governed by pure and honest motives, is a passion, noble and exalted.

To be honored and respected while living, and remembered and venerated when dead, is the parent source from which has emanated the most dazzling scintillations of genius. Those poets, orators and philosophers, whose brilliant achievements of mind have imparted light and happiness throughout the moral world, owe to a laudable spirit of emulation their claims to excellence. By dint of this principle alone, many a proud name has been emblazoned high on the record of immortality, which else were slumbering in oblivious silence.

Writing for fame, has given the imprint of perpetuity to pages, which no doubt pecuniary considerations alone would have left below mediocrity.

Not only have mental energies been developed and fostered by this ruling propensity within us, but every field of human enterprise has by its influence, been filled with adventurers, each having competitors in his respective vocation, with whom to vie in displaying some coveted superiority.

What deeds of heroism too have been achieved by this aspiration after fame. How oft has it bared the daring arm of valor in defence of invaded, or the rescue of lost liberty.

A single blast from 'fame's loud trumpet' has shrouded in panoply, and led on to victory and triumph, hearts which nothing else could have strengthened in the hour of peril, against freedom's foe.

Whether the tendency of the mind has been manifested in a desire to accumulate wealth, or gain laurels of valor—to move conspicuously in the fashionable, or shine 'lord of the ascendant,' in the intellectual world, that one controlling principle of our nature, has been the moving cause—and that it is which constitutes the mighty propelling power which continues in motion the stupendous and complicated machinery of human life.

HENRY SHULTS.

From the Ladies' Repository.

#### Active Virtue.

I WAS standing on a pier that runs out into the East River, on one cold wintry day, and seeing the ice float rapidly down with the current. I was a mere lad at the time, and derived considerable amusement from the spectacle before me. As the sun drew near the horizon, I was about turning to go away, when I heard a shout—a cry for help on the river. I looked and saw a small boat wedged between two cakes of ice, and hurried down the river with fearful rapidity.—The occupant of the boat was standing up, and stretching forth his hands for aid. A crowd soon collected around me, attracted by the exclamations of the suffering man, who was evidently in imminent danger. The spectators earnestly sympathized with his perilous condition, but no movement was made to relieve him. Several ran here and there, and then came back to talk and speculate upon the matter.

'It is a shame that a man should be carried out to sea, and so near night too,' said an honest cartman.

'Yes,' replied the merchant whom he addressed, 'it is altogether too bad. Is there nobody here who knows how to use a boat?'

'Do you think he will fetch up on Staten Island, or Governor's Island?' asked a short bustling man.

'Somebody ought to go and save him!' cried another.

'I wonder if he has a family. What a loss 'twill be to them if he gets drowned!' said the merchant.

'A great loss!' echoed three or four voices. 'I really can't help feeling sorry for him,' said a new comer.

'There is no doubt that he is very much to be pitied,' said another.

'Well, all I can say is, that I wish he may land somewhere in safety—I wonder which way the wind is.'

'What time does the tide turn?' asked the first spokesman.

'Why don't somebody go to save him?' said a colored woman, addressing the merchant.

'I don't know,' returned he. 'It is very singular that nobody starts. I never heard of such a thing. For my part, I don't go on the water now-a-days. I was fond of it when I was a boy. I had a little pleasure skiff in which——'

The speaker was interrupted by the sudden and somewhat rude approach of a couple of sailors who rushed to a sloop lying at the wharf, and began to prepare the boat to be dropped from her stern.

'Come here,' cried one of them. 'What are you all looking at? Lay hold of these falls and help us with the boat.'



A number of men sprang on board of the sloop, now that somebody was found to take the lead, and busied themselves in good earnest, in lowering the boat.

Before the keel touched the water, the two sailors were in the boat. They put out the oars, and rowed towards the sufferer, who had by this time floated to a considerable distance from the pier. After much exertion they succeeded in reaching the ice, and the man was taken, half dead with cold and fright, into the boat. The sailors pulled off their jackets and put them on him, and then shaped the course of their boat for the nearest wharf. They landed the man in safety, and by proper stimulants, he was restored to his usual soundness of body.

I have often thought upon this little circumstance since I have mingled with my fellow creatures more freely; and have feared that where sympathy and pity do not spur to action, they are not very powerfully felt. Those good feelings and desires which lead us to act for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, are genuine; and one kind deed is worth more than many good natured words. A person may shed tears over an affecting romance, and imagine himself a very kind hearted individual, but if he is, at the same time, unwilling to deny himself the least gratification for the good of others, his kindness is too superficial to deserve praise or self-felicitation. The man who makes no profession of piety or good will to men, but who exerts himself, on every proper occasion for their benefit, gives greater evidence of being a true christian, than he who lauds christianity, in the abstract, to the skies.

### Don't be a Talker.

ONE half of the mischief in the world is done from talking. And one half the difficulty we get into as we go along through life is the result of saying what we might as well not have said. There's much wisdom in the old maxim, 'keep your mouth shut and your ears open' there is, depend upon it.

I do not know any body, in any situation or profession in life, to whom this advice is not applicable. It is sometimes said that lawyers live by talking; that talking is their trade, and so on; but the fact is, the lawyers are as apt to talk too much as any body, and to suffer as much by it. To spin out a long argument, they necessarily fall into the habit of dealing more in fancy than in facts, saying things about parties and witnesses, that do no good but much harm, and their reputation for candor will generally diminish in the same proportion as that for loquacity increases.—To hear some men at the bar, you would suppose that if they were held up by the feet, the words would run out of their mouths by

mere force of gravity for a week at a time, without troubling their brains at all.

A preacher may talk too much. One of the best sermons in the world was the sermon on the mount. You may read it as reported in fifteen minutes. And though its style and power, are inapproachable, its brevity might well be often imitated.

Our legislators talk too much. And nine tenths of all the speech making in Congress and the Legislature is the mere sounding brass and tingling cymbal of vanity and egotism. Your really sensible men, such as Benjamin Franklin and Roger Sherman, never got up unless they had something to say, and always sat down as soon as they had said it.

Our politicians talk too much. It is really refreshing, and as uncommon as refreshing, to hear a sensible man talk sensibly on this topic for fifteen minutes. But if one listens to the street cant of the day the whole science seems to be twisted into a Chinese puzzle that nobody can find the beginning or end of.

Some young people have a notion that they can talk each other into matrimony. It is a mistake: in such a delicate matter as this, the tongue had better be contented with playing a subordinate part. The eye can tell a better story, the language of action will make a better impression, the love that grows up in silent sunshine, which congenial hearts reflect upon each other, is the healthiest and most enuring. The matter will always sink deeper than the language of affection. But this is a matter which the people are so bent upon managing their own way, that I doubt whether my advice will be worth the ink and paper.

### Anecdote.

WHILE traveling in Western Virginia, happening one day in a dry-goods store situated in a small village, an old lady from the country came in. She purchased several articles of the clerk, and at length observing a neatly painted and varnished bellows hanging by the post, she inquired what it was. The clerk perceiving that the old lady was rather ignorant, and being something of a wag, informed her that it was a new-fashioned fan, which he had lately received from the east, at the same time taking the bellows down and puffing with it in his face, told her that was the mode of operation. The old lady repeated the operation on herself, and was so delighted with her new fan, that she purchased it forthwith, and departed.

On the next day our informant, the minister, had an appointment to preach at a neighboring school-house in the country. The congregation being assembled, while the minister was in the act of reading the first hymn,

who should pop in but the old lady with her new fashioned fan, and having taken her seat immediately commenced puffing away in good earnest. The congregation knew not what to make of it—some smiled, others looked astonished, but the ludicrous prevailed over every thing else, and to such an extent that the minister himself was obliged to stop reading, and hand the book to his brother in the desk. After the usual preliminary services, he rose to preach, but there she sat with a hand hold of each handle, the nose turned up toward her face, and with much self-complacency puffing the gentle breeze into her face. What to do, or how to proceed, he knew not, for he could not cast his eye over the congregation without meeting with the old lady. At length summoning resolution and trying to feel the solemnity of the duty imposed on him, he proceeded. He finished his discourse, but it cost him more effort than any before or since.—*Mount Vernon Watchman.*

**GREAT MEN.**—Alexander had a wry neck—William the conqueror in his latter days was scarcely able to move from corpulency—Hannibal and Philip of Macedon had but an eye apiece—Cæsar and Mahomet were troubled with the falling sickness—and the northern hero, Odin, is said to have little else than a compound of diseases. When Voltaire was first introduced into the Prussian Palace he was desired to enter a closet where he found a little withered figure under the clothes shivering with the ague—Frederick the Great.

**BEAUTY**, as the flowery bloom, soon fades; but the diviner excellencies of the mind, like the medical virtues of the plant, remain in it when all these charms are fled.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Adamsville, O. \$1.00; J. O. J. Londonville, O. \$1.00; P. M. Morristown, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Birdsall, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$6.00; J. H. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; S. H. C. Harrisburg Pa. \$1.00; J. V. D. jr. Livingston, N. Y. \$2.00; J. R. Proctorsville, Vt. \$2.00; J. F. Brooks Grove, N. Y. \$6.00; I. C. D. Woodville, Ma. \$1.00; M. W. S. Charlestown, N. H. \$1.00; P. M. Red Rock, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. R. New Baltimore, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Stockbridge, Ma. \$1.00; M. A. D. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$2.00; G. D. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. E. Warren, Vt. \$1.00; E. C. East Richland, N. Y. \$1.00; W. G. L. H. Worcester, Ms. \$1.00; S. A. W. Niles, Mich. \$0.81; P. M. Franklin, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Oran, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$5.00; L. B. Lee, Ms. \$1.00.

### DIED,

In this city, on the 15th inst. Elizabeth Ann, daughter of William E. and Sarah W. Bowman, aged 16 months.  
On the 19th inst. widow Elizabeth Collins, aged 78 years.  
On the 21st inst. Sarah, daughter of John and Mary Hill, aged 7 months and 11 days.  
On the 23d inst. John C. son of James Kinyon, aged 2 years.  
At St. Josephs, East Florida, Mr. Robert B. Jenkins late of this city in the 30th year of his age.  
In Rodman, Jefferson co. N. Y. on the 28th ult. Mrs. Rosanna Taylor, Consort of Capt. David Taylor, in the 86th year of her age.  
At Troy, on the 23d ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Sharp, late of this city, aged 90 years.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## Absence.

If leaving those we love,  
When circumstances force us,  
Could from the object of  
Our fondest hopes divorce us—  
Affection would but seem  
A name on lips to perish,  
Instead of that bright dream  
The bosom loves to cherish.

But space may intervene,  
Warm hand from hand to sever,  
Yet a wide world between  
Can part two true hearts never;  
As star with distant star  
Blends light in ceaseless union,  
So kindred spirits are  
Ay link'd in sweet communion.

H. SHUTTS.

For the Rural Repository  
Written in an Album.

Look on these pages: here memorials live  
Of absent friends perchance long gone, long mourned,  
Think of departed ones, whose names are writ  
Upon these leaves so fair;—some who are gone  
Far from this land—and when their memories dwell  
Within thy thoughts—oh! then the lesson learn  
Of the uncertainty of life—the certainty of death,  
And, keeping the great end of life in view—  
The prospect bright of heaven—the dire alternative  
Pass on thy quiet course in innocence,  
Thus may the current of thy life flow on,  
Pure, and unsullied, as the leaves of this fair book.

HARRIETTA.

From the Ladies' Repository.  
The Sailors Hymn.

'Tis night; and ocean's vast expanse,  
Is wrapt in silence deep,  
And calm and still the waters lie,  
As in profoundest sleep;  
'Tis night, the hour of prayer and thought,  
And on the deep mid sea,  
The heart goes back to its sunny home,  
The home of childhood's glee;  
Its feelings rise in fervent prayer  
To Him, whose power can guide  
The sailor on the billowy deep,  
Home to his loved one's side.  
And from the heart's deep founts I've pray'd  
For blessings on that home,  
Where love shines bright for one whose fate  
Is o'er the seas to roam.

And O, when storms have raged around,  
And vivid lightnings flashed,  
And thunders roared, and threatening waves  
Against our frail bark dashed;  
Then, then a thought of home and friends,  
Came with a strengthening power,  
A thought that from that home the prayer  
Was rising that dark hour.

Oh when the heart is sad and lone,  
'Tis sweet to think of those,  
Whose love o'er all our mortal path,  
A cheering radiance throws.

Perhaps they move in festive halls,  
In pleasure's airy train;  
While I am tossed by raging storms  
On the resistless main.

But O, I know that still e'en then,  
A thought will often wake,  
Of one whose heart is linked to theirs,  
By ties they may not break.  
And when around the social hearth,  
Are gathered home's loved flowers,  
A prayer is breathed for one whose steps  
Are far from those bright bowers.  
Oh storms may rage, and billows roll,  
But still I'll not despair,  
For well I know that heaven will hear  
Affection's fervent prayer.

And still I know that God is just,  
His power is ever near;  
'His name, his nature is all love,'  
Then why, why should I fear? N. T.

## God.

BY DERZHAVAN.

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy—all motion guide—  
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight—  
Thou only God! There is no God beside!  
Being above all beings! Mighty One!  
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;  
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;  
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er—  
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy  
May measure out the ocean deep—may count  
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for thee  
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount  
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,  
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try  
To trace thy counsel infinite and dark;  
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,  
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call,  
First chaos then existence; Lord, on thee  
Eternity had its foundation; all  
Sprung from thee; of light, joy, harmony,  
Sole origin; all life all beauty thine,  
Thy word created all and doth create;  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;  
Thou art and wert, and shall be, glorious! Great  
Life-giving, life-sustaining, Potentate!

Thy chains th' unmeasured Universe surround,  
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound.  
And beautifully mingled life and death!  
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze  
So suns are born, so words spring forth from thee,  
And as the spangles in the sunny rays,  
Shine round the silver snow; the pageantry  
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand,  
Unwearied wander through the blue abyss;  
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,  
All gay with life and eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?  
A glorious company of golden streams?  
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?  
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?  
But thou to these art as the moon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in thee is lost:  
What are ten thousand worlds, compared to thee?  
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host!

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an item in the balance weighed  
Against thy greatness—is a cypher, brought  
Against infinity! What am I, then? Nought.

Nought!—but the effulgence of thy light divine,  
Pervading worlds hath reached my bosom too.  
Yes! In my spirit doth thy spirit shine,  
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.  
Nought!—but I live, and on hope's pinion fly  
Eager toward thy presence; for in thee  
I live and breathe, and dwell: aspiring high,  
Even to the throne of thy Divinity,  
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!  
Direct my understanding, then, to thee:  
Control my spirit, guide my wand'ring heart;  
Though but an atom, 'midst immensity,  
Still, I am something fashioned by thy hand!  
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,  
On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
Close on the realms where angels have their birth  
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land?

The chain of being is complete in me;  
In me is matter's last gradation lost,  
And the next step is spirit—Deity!  
I can command the lightning, and am dust!  
A monarch and a slave, a worm, a god!  
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously  
Constructed and conceived! unknown? This clod  
Lives surely through some higher energy,  
For from himself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes! Thy wisdom and thy word  
Created me! Thou source of life and good!  
Thou Spirit of my spirit and my Lord!  
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,  
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring  
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
The garment of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thought ineffable! O visions blest!  
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee.  
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
And waft its homage to thy Deity;  
God!—thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,  
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good!  
'Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore,  
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude

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